

HERE YOU SEE A WONDERFUL LITTLE MAN PICTURED JUST LIFE SIZE.

Prince Colibri of Liliput, 17 Years Old,
23 Inches High, Is the Latest
European of Title to Visit Us.

The Most Perfectly Formed and Fascinating Midget That Ever Lived
Will Be Here Next Week.

THIS, ladies and gentlemen, is Mr. Peter Adamson, positively the smallest human being so far discovered on the face of the earth. In Europe, where titles count for something, and on the showbills, he is known as the Prince Colibri.

The Prince will make his debut next Thursday in New York society, under the patronage of Mr. James A. Bailey, at Madison Square Garden, when the circus opens, and if he does not monopolize public attention for some time thereafter, it will be because New Yorkers don't know an extraordinary person when they see one.

Prince Colibri's picture, which is printed on this page of the Sunday Journal, presents him life size. In times past life-size pictures have been printed in newspapers of human beings, but they were those of midget babies just after birth. The Prince enjoys the distinction of being the only mature individual who could get within the space of a newspaper page without cramping himself. He is a midget, but very far from being a baby. He first saw the light of day seventeen years ago, near Riga, in Russia, and since that happy event he has had about as good a time as falls to the lot of the average young gentleman of his years and a great deal more experience. He has travelled over a considerable portion of Europe, and before he gets through with Mr. Bailey will have seen every place of any size in this country.

Peter, as the Prince is known to his intimates, weighs a little short of seven pounds when in full uniform on the exhibition stand. Minus his regimentals, he tips the beam at six and one-half. He stands twenty-three inches in his parent leathers, of which, by the way, he is very proud. Seated as shown in the Journal picture, he is 19½ inches high. Tom Thumb, who gathered more wealth and fame than any other midget that ever lived, was a veritable giant beside this little Russian. General Thumb weighed ninety pounds, and could easily have tucked Peter under his right arm.

It is difficult to convey an adequate impression of the Russian midget's diminutiveness. He is so small that he might really have stepped out of Liliput. And yet, as the picture will show, he is in no sense hideous or deformed, but, on the contrary, rather good looking. His head is developed in perfect proportion to his body. He has light curly hair, a pair of fine blue eyes, a good mouth and chin and nose. His ears, about the size of a clover leaf, lie well back against his head. There is an intellectual cast to his forehead. His cheeks are full and well rounded. Altogether he is a most delightful young person and will have great difficulty in escaping the rapturous embraces of the ladies whom he will receive in Warsaw.

The average man who lets his hand hang down at his side would miss touching Peter by several inches. He reaches just about to the knee cap of an ordinary person, there are nine shoes in this metropolis that would make comfortable loungers for the midget. For his daily use, Peter has a doll's chair, and not a lounge doll's chair either. It is a tiny affair, upholstered in blue rep with tassels to match, finished after the style of grown up arm-chairs. It has sure enough springs, but the whole chair is no higher than one of the coiled springs found in Turkish settees.

The first impression on seeing the little fellow is intense amazement. That anything so small really has life and animation seems incredible. For all the world he looks like the automatic figures one sees in show windows smoking cigarettes, beating drums, spinning tops and doing other equally wonderful things. If he was placed in a show window he would easily be taken for one of these figures, and the sensation he would create in this position in the shopping district on a busy day is past speculating on.

Almost any person can take the little fellow, stand him in one hand and hold him out straight. A five-year-old child could carry him with ease. In fact, all little girls of about that age who are admitted to intimacy with the little man invariably use him as a doll, and he submits with good grace, for, like all his sex, Peter is fond of female petting. It is worth a day's journey to see him in the company of a five-year-old lady. On the ship coming over from Europe there was a fashionable young miss of less than six summers, who discarded all her dolls for this remarkable young gentleman, and at parting she wept most furiously when her indulgent father told her it was impossible to buy Peter for her as a permanent plaything.

Peter's conversational powers are not very extensive. He speaks and understands two languages—Russian and German—and can make himself understood in either to those who know him, but an all-round social chat is rather beyond him; that is, unless he takes a particular fancy to any person. Then he will talk in the most delightful fashion. His words come in a tiny piping tone, about equal in volume to one of Edison's phonograph dolls. His most fetching address is when he says goodbye. That is his happiest moment. He is essentially domestic in his tastes, and while he puts up with visitors in large and small numbers, he does not conceal the fact that they bore him intensely. It is because of this that he is at his best when saying farewell. He bows with all the grace of a Chesterfield, makes a sweeping curve outward with both arms, and if there are any ladies present he kisses his hand.

And such hands! One of them would make only a good-sized watch chain. As for his feet, there is not enough of them to fill a No. 2 baby's shoe. His head is covered by a silk hat of fashionable fashion and about the size of a tin cup. When he wants to be particularly gracious he presses this marvellous hat to his bosom as he bows you out with a farewell uttered in the purest German.

The reason Peter cannot talk more than he does is because of diminutiveness of his vocal organs. The doctors who have examined him say that it is a wonder that he can say at all when his lack of development



This Picture Is from a Photograph Taken Especially for the Sunday Journal, and Is the Exact Size of the Miniature Gentleman Himself.

considered. In every place where the little chap has been he has aroused the keenest interest among medical men, and he has been examined so often that if he was not the best mannered fellow in the world his temper would certainly be spoiled. The doctors have pounded his lungs, listened to the beating of his heart, have fooled round his head and taken liberties with him generally at a rate that would wear out the patience of almost any one. The secret of the midget's good nature under all this examination is probably to be found in the fact of his pride. He is different from any one else in the world, and in his small way he glories in it. Then, too, the doctors have invariably such flattering things to say of the little fellow's perfect figure and development that his vanity is no doubt tickled. His head is well shaped, and he has quite his share of brains. With no more room for gray matter than he has, it is little short of marvellous that he is not an idiot. But this is far from the case, though, of course, his faculties are not developed beyond those of a child of five or six.

He is passionately fond of playing and romping with those whom he likes. His best beloved companions are a pair of pretty Hindoo girls of six, who are joined together like the Siamese twins, and who are always exhibited jointly with him. To see these three remarkable creatures playing together, as happy as squirrels in a nest, is about as interesting a picture as one could find.

Peter's history was rather prosaic until about five years ago. His parents are Russian peasants, who earned a living as farm laborers, near Riga. The mother is a medium-sized woman, while the father is above the average in height. They had several children before Peter came along. All of these children are of normal size. In fact, none of them are under the normal. Peter's eldest brother being over six feet in height.

The little fellow lived for twelve years in his native village unknown to the world, except in so far as it was represented in the district of Riga. Here, of course, he was famous, and people came from miles around to see him. He might be living there yet but for Captain Coleman, an English showman, who travelling near Riga, heard of the remarkable specimen of humanity. It didn't take the captain very long to close a bargain with the midget's parents, and from that day to this Coleman, who is himself a six footer, has had charge of the little fellow. In conjunction with the Hindoo twins, who are themselves a most extraordinary freak, Peter was shown on the Continent. He made a big hit, of course, and was to have gone this year to London. But Mr. Bailey's European agents heard of the little marvel and, of course, he was gathered in at once for "The Biggest Show on Earth."

As for Peter, he was delighted. Like all distinguished foreigners, he has already made up his mind that this is a most wonderful country, and he wants to see it all.

A CAUSEWAY TO IRELAND.

Engineers Propose in Various Ways to Join Ireland Physically to Great Britain.

Engineers are discussing plans for joining Great Britain and Ireland by means of a tunnel under the Irish Channel. By making Ireland geographically a part of the United Kingdom it is said that the prosperity of the former country would be greatly increased.

Mr. Ferguson Walker, who writes about the tunnel scheme, also gives some curious details of rival schemes for an Irish Channel tunnel. Proposals have been made for annihilating the sea journey by erecting a causeway, stepping stones, bridges or submerged tube. "The feasibility of maintaining a causeway," says the writer, "strong enough to withstand the waves of the Atlantic is doubtful." It is also his opinion that, though "a passage for vessels might be left in the centre, it would present a very dangerous piece of navigation in stormy weather."

Another idea for an artificial isthmus was propounded in 1894 by Mr. le Sueur. "His idea is the utilization in British waters of the energy of ocean currents for the purpose of the distribution of power light, by means of electricity, to centres of population at distances of hundreds of miles from its source." The energy of the continuous current from the north is so great that it would have to be expressed in scores of millions of horse-power, and a dam would bank the waters of the North Atlantic higher than the Irish Channel, so as to give fifty times as great horse-power as Niagara.

A serious objection to the causeway is that it would leave the ports of Glasgow, Liverpool, Belfast and Dublin high and dry.

A QUEER EXCHANGE.

How B. S. Ross, of Chicago, Swapped a Lot of Old Stamps for a \$35,000 Hotel.

A Chicago man has just traded a collection of cancelled postage stamps for a modern hotel at Hurley, Wis., valued at \$35,000. B. S. Ross is the name of the philatelist (his friends called him a crank), who, twenty years ago, began the collection of local and foreign stamps.

He accumulated them by the million. Then came the opportunity to dispose of a portion of them for a small fortune in the person of the young son of John E. Burton, a wealthy mine owner of Hurley. Mr. Burton owned the hotel, which has eighty rooms and is one of the best known in the State.

His son had for several years been an ardent stamp collector, and was desirous of going into the business for a livelihood. Ross was willing to take the hotel in exchange for a sufficient stock of stamps to set the young man up in business with.

It took about 3,000,000 stamps to buy the hotel, and Mr. Burton and his son were engaged for nearly a week in counting out the \$35,000 worth. The stamps were piled high in an express wagon. There were in the lot stamps ranging in value from 10 cents per 1,000 to one for \$1,500.